

TAKE A HIKE WEST.

By Frederic J. Haskin.

You can't run at high gear unless you keep your machine in perfect repair, and even then you can't run at high gear all of the time. That is the rationale of the need of modern machinery for vacation. It does more in a year than his forefathers did in five, and he therefore has pressing need to knock off once a year and do nothing, or something else, for at least two or three weeks. All of the more important business organizations of the country are making vacation a regular and important institution. They are organizing camps and playgrounds. They realize that human efficiency is the deciding factor in the success of any business, and that efficiency is a matter of health.

The individual faces exactly the same problem. His success depends upon the amount of rest that he puts into his work, and this depends upon health. Many of us never do catch up with the modern pace. We are fagged laggards all the way through the struggle. Only a few of us are as much as five-eighths alive most of our waking time. We drink buttermilk to live long, but are only half alive at the end of the year. We realize that the way to achieve is not to try harder, but to quit trying for a while, to give our nerves the tonic of freedom from responsibility and our lungs a breath of fresh air.

Change is the prime essential of vacation. If you live in the country and raise cucumbers, the proper thing for you to do is to leave the cucumbers and go to New York. But most of us live in the city, and therefore the thing we need is to go outdoors.

Now living out of doors is at once a habit and achievement. John Muir says that going back to the woods is going home because we all came from the woods. To many a westerner this is very true. The east has something to learn from the west along that line. In western towns everybody is off for a hike every few weeks or months. Most of the men hunt and most of the women ride, and throwing a squaw-bitch over a pack is as common an accomplishment as playing golf is in the east.

When your real westerner gets a vacation, he has no doubts about what to do. Only 125 miles away there is a trout stream that he has been intending to try for several years. He puts the grub box and bed in the back of his car, hitchhikes up his team of native cayuses, and arrives at his desired trout stream in two days without fatigue. He knows how to take care of himself and has a good time out of doors. And to that familiarity of his with the mountains and mesa you may trace much of what is best and most typical in him—his breadth of thought, his physical stamina, his resolute love of freedom.

Now there is no denying that there are many good amateur woodsmen in the east, but numerically they are the merest handful. The typical easterner is about submerged in his own urban existence. Turn him loose in the woods and he is lost and miserable. Give him freedom and he does not know what to do with it. He has been heavily back upon the resort hotel, which is very well for women and children and invalids, but surely reveals a lack of all imagination and spirit of adventure in youth and manhood.

So the east has something to learn from the west, and this is the nub of the story—the west is now ready to teach.

Through the Department of the Interior, ably and enthusiastically abetted by several large railroads, the west is inviting the east to come out and take a look at its great national parks.

There is room for hundreds of thousands without any crowding. Scattered from the Canadian border to southern California, these national parks contain the most wonderful variety of scenery and wild life to be found anywhere in the world. Yet until recently they have been almost entirely neglected except by people living within a few hundred miles of them, and occasional adventurous globe-trotters, who have looked and proclaimed them far more striking than the Alps and wondered that they were not better known.

Now the United States government has determined to make the American people aware that they possess these wonderful playgrounds. Robert T. Mather, a wealthy westerner, has been placed in charge of the work, and is pushing it with all the energy and executive ability of a successful business man. And the east is already heeding the invitation. More persons visit the parks last summer than ever before, and this summer will see their numbers grow still further. The west is showing the east how to go back to the woods.

And the best part of it is that you can take just as stiff or just as mild a course as you wish. You may wish to get a pack horse and a saddle and take to the wilds to look out for yourself, or you can hire a guide to bear the responsibility and do the work, or you can set up your tent by a stream, and stay right there, or you can rent a little chalet and keep house, or you can stay at a carefully organized and conducted camp, or you can get a first-class room at a first-class hotel and look at the scenery through the window.

The whole thing has been planned so that any taste and any amount of initiative and imagination or lack thereof can be exactly accommodated. And summering in these parks is, for the most part, pleasant. The hold-up elements which mark vacations in some—in fact in many—places. No millionaire colonies can get a monopoly of these parks, because Uncle Sam owns them, and though all may camp on equidistant terms, there is no land for sale. Likewise the hotel and camp people leave the right to conduct their establishments to the government, and the government is there to see that they are properly conducted.

As for the parks themselves, it is impossible in limited space to do more than enumerate them. Yellowstone is, of course, the most famous, the only one of the collection that has been well and favorably known for many years. Its geysers and tame bears are among the wonders that every one has heard of. It undoubtedly affords a wonderful opportunity to study wild life in an undisturbed and yet natural state. As for scenery, however, it cannot compare with the great glaciers, the northward flow of snow-covered mountains, the clear lakes, great glaciers and forests. This is one of the largest and probably the wildest of the parks.

The Yosemite National Park in middle eastern California will attract you more than any other. Summers Ideal, it is a pleasant climate, and the winters mild. This is a country of towering forests, great sweeps of grassy open, and deep gorges where mountain streams take the most incredible leaps. It is these hills

which made the Yosemite famous and gained it the protection of the government. The Ribbon Falls, for example, has a sheer drop of 1,612 feet, which is ten times as great as that of Niagara, and converts the stream into a huge foaming lace veil of foam.

California has also the Sequoia and General Grant parks, which were set aside to preserve for the delight of all men the trees that Sequoia and Grant made the mountains themselves. Visually, if you can, a tree thirty-six feet in diameter and 280 feet high. That is the General Sherman tree. You can make a crate for the Lusitania out of the lumber it would yield. There is nothing alive on the earth as old as these wonderful trees.

Then there is the Ranier, one of the most remarkable peaks in the world, and Crater Lake, a deep body of water on top of a high mountain, a place of mystery and legend. In Colorado there is Mesa Verde Park, where the habitations of a people that vanished some thousands of years ago are almost perfectly preserved, and the Rocky Mountain National Park, where the big mountain sheep still bound all the time afford splendid opportunities to camp and explore, and though you are not allowed to hunt, you can enjoy some of the finest trout fishing in the world.

THE EVENING STORY

Through the "Want" Column.

(Copyright, 1916, by W. Warner.)

The foreman stopped beside Miss Compton's stool, waited a few minutes for the flying fingers to strike the keys to a line finish, then said:

"You're not looking very well, Miss Compton."

The girl raised her eyes quickly, a startled look on her face. "Which means you don't need my services any longer?" she queried.

"I wouldn't put it quite that way," deprecated the foreman. "But work's a little slack just now and—"

"Tonight, or at the end of the week?" "Well, you'll better call at the cashier's window tonight, I think. Work's—"

"You've said that before. I don't mean to be rude, but you've used the same formula in dismissing a dozen or more girls ahead of me. I'm fired. That's all there is to it."

"But we might be willing to take you on again when times get better," reproved the foreman. "I would suggest a nice lonely vacation to get strong in."

"Be more practical and suggest how I'm to pay for it."

Again the fingers flew back and forth over the keys, drowning anything the foreman might have added, and he turned away with a tight frown to carry the words of dismissal to some other girl.

When she finished the piece of work upon which she was engaged, Miss Compton went across to the foreman's desk and picked up a newspaper. With this she retreated to her stool and began to study the "want" column. Soon the foreman noticed and came hurrying back.

"It takes twenty minutes of quitting time," he reminded sharply. "Haven't you any work?"

"Plenty." She looked at him coldly over the top of the paper. "I've worked for you for over two years," she said, "and you dismiss me at an hour's notice. Now I'm examining the want column in hope of finding something to commence upon tomorrow. You may as well tell the bookkeeper to cut the twenty minutes from my pay."

Twice she looked at the want column, and the anxious eyes went when the

head shook a negative to the next machine girl, who was watching sympathetically. Only ten minutes remained to quitting time, and the eyes drifted indifferently to the other columns.

Suddenly she stopped, and with a quick smile a pencil was taken from the typewriter stand and its sharp point used to cut out a "want."

Twenty minutes after she reached her boarding place Miss Compton was again at the street entrance to intercept the postman. In return for a letter she gave him one. Back in her room she read the one received. It ran:

"Dear Jennie: It's awful nice of you to suggest that we get married on what you are making, and that my talents will soon command a better position. But you know me too well to think I could consent, badly as I want you. It's all right for you to say what you can for home extras, if you wish, but I must rent the house and furnish and move. That's the man's part. As to talents, the city is flooded with such as mine, searching for something to fasten on. But that doesn't dishearten me. I shall soon earn the right to claim you. If I were only a little stronger and try for a saved or coal heaver, or street gang job—anything until a better one offered. I will not touch a cent of the \$300 I've saved, even if I have to sell matches on the street."

Miss Compton nodded approval as she finished. "That's the real spirit," she said. "Not many young men of Jack's talents would think of coal heaving as a 'fill in' and I'm glad I accepted the idea before reading his letter."

She laughed. "Well, I wrote him I'd lost my job, but had a pretty sure one in view. But I didn't write what, nor that I was getting only three and board."

She took the slip from her pocket-book and spread it on the table. It read:

"Wanted—A cook—not an expert, for we pay only \$3 a week. Must know something about plain cooking, and be willing to learn, and be willing to do any kind of general housework. No sadabout wanted. Three miles from P. O. and store. Good home for steady girl. Only two old people in family. Must know how to milk cows and feed hens and pigs and horses. In spring to help some in garden. Apply promptly in person."

Miss Compton laughed. "Does read sort of general like that. But I've an idea I shall like it. I did learn to milk when visiting Uncle John's, and can cook some, and am perfectly willing to learn. I'd love to feed the poultry and horse, and am pretty sure I'll like the garden part. It will be so outdoors. Jack would like it. I know, for he's often wished he could have a farm. But the pick—I don't know. Still, of course, everything can't be pleasant. I wonder what the girls would say at my doing housework. And yet three miles from a store would keep me from spending. I wouldn't wonder if it would be more than I could save in the city in winter from my salary. And I'd be in a home."

She sprang to her feet. "Of course," she exclaimed. "It's only fifteen miles out, and not 6 o'clock yet. I'll slip on heavy shoes and a cloak, run to the trolley, and then hire a rig over. I

ought to be there by 8, or maybe 9. That will be promptly in person. It was an evening paper, and not many will look over the wants till after supper. I can go hungry this once, and I get the place they'll let me stay over night. Then I'll come back for my trunk tomorrow. Maybe I can be the very first to apply."

She was, and got the place. After a few weeks she did not much mind

with stock and tools—everything—for \$1,000. Or I'll rent for 10 per cent

"Do you think I could make a living here?" asked Jennie, her voice trembling. "I have \$250 I saved in the city, and about \$50 you've paid me. I would put that in. I'd love to stay here."

The old man's face brightened. "Deed you could, an' lay by," he declared. "That's what I've been dresin'—sellin' to a stranger. We'd like you to have it, an' you could soon pay from the place. We've saved over \$2,000, an' we didn't have a trolley to send stuff to the city by. You'd only have to wagon it a mile to the trolley line. An' you can have plenty of time to pay."

"I'll pay a quarter down," laughed Jennie. "And will try hard to have another quarter by next year."

The only man to her happiness now was that of Jack. She had written twice, with both her letters coming back. Evidently he had changed his boarding place, and he didn't know hers.

Then one day she noticed in the want column of the old man's paper an item that made her eyes shine. It read: "Wanted—A job on a farm or to rent a small place. Would go in with some one else, but would be more than the extent of \$300 as part payment. Ability and ambition. Jack Tracy, care News office."

Jennie answered it with: "Place waiting, and partner. Small, but near trolley line and a bargain. Come at once. Nice minister in little town three miles away. JENNIE." (THE END.)

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The biggest fish are caught with hook and line.

The well man often forgets the sick man's promise.

If a woman's face is a poem it should be a lineless one.

Paradox—To become round eat plenty of squaring meals.

Marrying a man to reform him is like drinking whisky to destroy it.

The world is a prison from which no man needs hope to escape alive.

Silence may be golden, but it won't pay the expenses of the drummer.

A few good misses in the chorus are apt to help an opera to make a hit.

It's sometimes easier to step into another man's shoes than it is to walk in them.

If too proud to beg and too honest to steal—get trusted.

The early fly that falls into a boarding-house milk pailcher is reasonably sure of a watery grave.

Every man intends to have his own way after marriage, but his wife is likely to overrule his intentions.

When you see a loveless couple coming like a pair of turtle doves the chances are that marriage will change it to mock turtle.

Indoors or Outdoors A Columbia Grafonola Is the World's Greatest Entertainer

Camping trips are enlivened by the music of the Grafonola. Ten days' free trial ought to convince you that there's no other form of musical instrument to compare with it.

The pleasures of canoeing are increased a hundred fold if you include a Grafonola in the "outfit." Impromptu porch dances can be arranged upon a minute's notice with a Grafonola.

Whether you go away or intend to stay at home for the summer, don't let another day find you without this most popular member of the summer Grafonola family.

Hecht & Co. Seventh Street Near F

\$15.00 for This Grafonola 25c Weekly Payments

A Dead Man Gives Warning

UNDISMAYED by ghostly interferences at Woodford's Theater, the producer insists on carrying on rehearsals. The dead star, consumed by jealousy, may stalk across the stage unseen; but the manager is determined.

Now comes a definite warning. Over the telephone is heard the voice of one who has been dead for forty years forbidding the production to take place. The telephone company on being approached insists there has been no call, but the faint tingle of the bell continues. Woodford has taken the most impressive means of sounding warning to his successors.

What happened after that is told you in the next installment of

"The Mystery at Woodford's"

probably the most baffling mystery story ever published by any magazine. Be sure and read the fourth installment, with its amazing sequence of events. It will be given you exclusively in the next

Sunday Magazine of The Sunday Star

at prices that will demand your immediate attention. These are exceptional values at the prices quoted and you should supply your needs for months to come.

\$1.50 Silk Camisoles at 99c

White Petticoats at \$1.00

White Petticoats at \$1.95

Gloves

Here's a Great Value!

Women's 16-Button Silk Gloves 69c

An opportunity you should not let pass unnoticed. Black or white, in a durable, close woven quality, with full length, full cut arms and guaranteed double-tipped fingers. All sizes.

Kayser's Long Silk Gloves Black or White. 12-button, 75c and \$1.25 16-button, \$1.00 and \$1.50 Main Floor—Lansburgh & Bro.

TOILET NEEDS Special for Saturday

Woodbury's Facial Soap, 25c value, a cake. 29c

Java Rice Face Powder, all tints, 50c value. 29c

Mary Garden Extract, 25c value, a dainty deodorant. 18c

Pebecco Tooth Paste, 50c value, at. 29c

Physicians and Surgeons' Soap, 10c size cakes. 5c

Daggett & Ramsdell's Cold Cream, 35c value. 29c

Welch's Talcum Powder, 1-lb. can; 15c value. 25c

Main Floor—Lansburgh & Bro.

Neckwear at 50c

New, fresh and clean stocks of the latest creations in Women's Neckwear.

Sport Collars and Collar and Cuff Sets in striped effects, also plain colors with frills. The new large collars of the embroidery and organza, in a great assortment of beautiful values at...

Georgette Crepe Collars Medium and large size Collars in plain or embroidered styles. Very special values at...

50c Veilings, 25c Yard Colors; neck and sleeve so much in demand for motorizing.

Chiffon Ruffling, 50c Yard Choice of black, white and flesh color. Very effective for skirt trim, the georgette crepe dresses and sleeve edging.

Main Floor—Lansburgh & Bro.

A Big Purchase Sale of 400 NEW SPORT HATS

The Very Latest Creations for Summer Wear At 95, \$1.95, \$2.95 to \$5.00

Children's Hats

Straw and Milan Hats, with velvet, flower and ribbon trimmings. All shapes and colors suitable for children up to 6 years old.

Children's Hats, 69c Values to \$1.50, at 69c

Values to \$2.25 \$3 to \$5 Values At \$1.00 At \$1.95

Children's Guimpes, made of fine quality lawn with tucked yokes; neck and sleeve with fine lace edges; sizes 4 to 14 yrs. Special at...

Children's Outing Dresses—Made middie style and trimmed with red or blue. Sizes 2 to 6 years. \$1.00

Third Floor—Lansburgh & Bro.

Ready-to-Wear Apparel for Children and Misses

Mothers, You Should Supply the Girls' Needs From These Great Values

Graduation Dresses, \$2.98 to \$16.50

An unlimited assortment of the very newest, daintiest and most stylish creations ever assembled. They are made of plain voiles and embroidered nets, full and fluffy. Ruffles upon ruffles, flounces upon flounces, and numerous other styles, all prettily trimmed with finest laces and ribbons. All sizes.

Khaki Middy Suits, Regular \$3.00 Values... \$2

Children's and Misses' Khaki Middy Suits, full flare skirts, trimmed with pockets; middie trimmed to correspond. Sizes 6 to 14.

Middy Skirts and Middies, Regular \$1.50 Values, Ea... \$1

The skirts are of fine galatea in plain white, plain blue and pink or blue and white stripes; full pleated effects; attached to body; middie trimmed to correspond, making a complete sport suit.

Second Floor—Lansburgh & Bro.

White Petticoats at \$1.00

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Washington's Finest Groceries Department Store

Open Saturday Till 6 P.M.

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